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ON THE STAGE, DESCRIPTION OF COSTUMES AND
THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS; CARE-
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♦→A Valuable Fish.←♦

A COMEDY-DRAMA

IN FOUR ACTS

— BY —

Wm. F. Cattell.

W

— O —

— TO WHICH IS ADDED —

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

— X —

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AMES' PUBLISHING CO.

— CLYDE, OHIO: —

A VALUABLE FISH.
CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MICHAEL CROMBIE,	Irish comedy.
CARL KATTZENHUND,	Dutch comedy.
TOM HARLEN,	Heavy lead.
WILLIE SIMPSON,	Light comedy.
MR. ANDREWS,	Old man.
POLICEMAN,	Straight.
MRS. ELIZABETH CROMBIE,	Irish comedy.
MISS MARY CROMBIE,	Lead.
MISS AGNES CROMBIE,	Soubrette.

—x—

COSTUMES—Modern.

—x—

TIME—The present.

—x—

TIME OF PLAYING—2 hours and 20 minutes.

—x—

NOTE.—The three fish required in the production of this Play can be purchased, ready to stuff, for 75 cents, of Ames' Publishing Co.

—x—

SYNOPSIS ON LAST PAGE.

—x—

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—x—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Center; S. E., (2d E.) Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Center; L. C., Left of Center.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

in

* * The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

TMP92-008810

A Valuable Fish.

ACT I.

SCENE.—Full stage, street drop and wings, fish stand in front of L. 2 E., with two cod fish and other fish on same—set red brick house R. 2 E.—CARL KATTZENHUND discovered behind stand at rise of curtain.

Carl. Vell, I have the finest lot of fish to-day I have had in a long vile. I ought to get a dollar and a half for dot vone. (*picks up fish near c.*) Vell, I dink I vill smoke my pipe und have me a smoke out vile I vait for my customers. (*exit L. 2 E.*)

Enter TOM HARLEN, L. 1 E., hurriedly.

Tom. Curse that fool! I thought I had him knocked out. (*has a small chamois bag with diamonds*) Well, this is a haul and no mistake, they must be worth \$20,000. I thought they were beans, but they beat the band. What the devil shall I do with them. He will have the Cops on my track before I can reach the fence. (*sees fish on stand*) Ah! the fish—I'll put them in this one, and keep an eye on the stand. If I have given the old jay the slip, which I think I have, I will buy the fish and they will never think of looking for them there. (*puts diamonds in fish, then looks off L. 1 E.*) Hang me! if he ain't after me! Well, I'll fool him or my name ain't Tom Harlen. (*exit R. U. E.*)

Enter CARL, L. 2 E. smoking a long pipe.

Carl. Vell, there is nothing like a good smoke.

Enter MR. ANDREWS, L. 1 E., very excited.

Mr. Andrews. I am sure I saw the scoundrel standing here a moment ago. Which way could he have gone?

Carl. Good-morning, sir! Kin I do anydings for you dis morn-ing—ain't it!

Andrews. (*starts, turns, sees CARL, then goes to him*) Which way did the man go that was standing there? (*points to where TOM stood*)

Carl. I did not see dot man dot vas not standing dere. Would you like to buy some fish? (*picks up the fish with the diamonds in it*)

Andrews. No! no! I want too—

Carl. I vill give you dis one for a dollar and a half.

(*holds up fish*)

Andrews. Which way did that man go?

A VALUABLE FISH.

Carl. Which—vhat man?

Andrews. The man that was standing there just before I spoke to you.

Carl. I vill give you dis fish for a dollar and a quarter—it is cheap.

Andrews. You are a fool! (looks R. I. E.) He must have gone this way. I'll try! (exit R. I. E.)

Carl. Dot man is a lunatic. (puts fish on stand L. of other fish) Dot is worth two dollars. Dot is a daisy. (puts hand on fish)

Enter TOM, L. U. E., comes down, looks off R.

Tom. Well, I've given him the slip this time sure enoough. (to CARL) Say, Dutchy! how do you sell your fish this morning?

Carl. Oh! I am giving dem avay—nit!

Tom. (picks up fish R. C.) Well, how much is this one?

Carl. Two dollars!

Tom. What! two dollars for that? Do you think I am a jay?

Carl. You can have dis one for a dollar and a half.

Tom. No, I want this one!

Carl. You can have it for two dollars.

Tom. Here's two dollars! (gives money, takes fish)

Carl. Shall I clean it for you once?

Tom. Not on your life. Bye, bye, Dutchy! (exit L. I. E.)

Carl. Two dollars for that fish vas pretty good. I make me a dollar and a half! Everyding is going vell dis morning, and I dinks I vill do me a good business.

Enter AGNES, L. U. E., comes down, hits CARL on back with cane.

Agnes. Hello! Dutchy.

Carl. Oh! oh! I vos dead! I vos murdered! Vhat it is? Vhat vas it?

Agnes. (at R. I. E.) Why it was me.

Carl. Oh, you! you bad girls! Vait till I got hold of you and I vill make you dink dot—(picks up cod fish and starts towards AGNES)

Enter MRS. CROMBIE, R. U. E., comes between AGNES and CARL.

Mrs. Crombie. Ye wild eyed Dutch galoot! what will ye make me daughter think?

Carl. Oh! how do you do, Mrs. Crummey?

Mrs. C. Don't ye dare to call me names!

Carl. I would not call you names, Mrs.—

Mrs. C. Don't ye say Crummey again, or I'll—

Agnes. That's right, ma! give it to him.

Carl. Oxcuse me, Mrs. C—C. I vos just going to ask your daughter if she would be so kind as to take dis nice fresh fish to you mit my compliments. (hands fish)

Mrs. C. Oh! sure, it's very kind ye are, Mr. Kattzenhund. With the greatest of pleasure. (takes fish) I thought ye were going to strike me daughter.

Agnes. Well, if he had, I would have given him a punch under the chin—see!

Mrs. C. Keep quiet! Mr. Kattzenhund was not going to strike ye.

Carl. No Mrs. C—C—I vas—

Agnes. Well, did I say he was going too.

Mrs. C. Yes ye did. Ye—

Carl. Yaw, you said—

Mrs. C. How dare ye tell my daughter she—

Carl. I tells your daughter—

Mrs. C. If ye say another word I will give you a punch along side of ye'r dirty Dutch face.

Carl. But Mrs. C—C—

Agnes. Yes, mother, let him know that you can lick any Dutchman in the ward! Five to one on you, mother!

Mrs. C. Another word out of ye and I'll show ye that the ould woman is a match fer all the new women, new girls and new men in the ward!

Carl. But my pretty Mrs. C—C—it is all a mistook.

Agnes. Nit! Nit!

Mrs. C. No, begorry! I am going to wash to-day!

Agnes. Aw! come off your perch!

Carl. That fish is not a perch, it is a cod.

Agnes. Oh! you make me tired! Why don't you get next?

Mrs. C. Get into the house with ye, or I'll get next to ye my fine young gal. Sure, since the ould mon bought ye a bicycle, ye do nothing all day but sling slang.

Agnes. Oh! come off! you are both full of wheels!

Carl. Eels! full of eels!

Mrs. C. By the piper that played before Moses—full of eels! Well, did ye ever hear the likes of that?

Carl. I vould not eat eels! If I never eated again mid my mouth out.

Mrs. C. Shure I would as soon think of eating snakes, so I would!

Agnes. Wheels! Wheels in your heads—see!

Carl. She means that we are full of bicycles. (goes to stand L.)

Mrs. C. Oh! oh! is that so! (looking towards AGNES threateningly)

Agnes. Oh, mother! I've got a letter for you!

Mrs. C. Then why didn't ye give it to me?

Agnes. Oh! well give me a chance, will you!

Carl. That is the newest girl I ever saw in my life out.

Agnes. (hands letter) Well, here it is! I wonder who it is from?

Mrs. C. (opening letter) So do I!

(places fish near door of house wrapped in apron)

Carl. I guess it is a bill for som'dings.

Mrs. C. At last! May the Lord be praised, at last! (laughs)

Agnes. Who is it from, mother?

Carl. It must be very funny! Let me know what it is and I vill laugh me some.

Mrs. C. (reading letter) Oh! oh, the villain! Oh! oh, the black-guard! the thief! the robber!

Agnes. Oh, mother! who is it from? And what is it about?

Mrs. C. Shure it's—the devil!

Carl. From the devil?

Agnes. What are you giving us? Who is it from?

Carl. Yaw! who is it from too, is it!

Mrs. C. Oh, my! Oh, my! It is from yer sister Mary. Oh! that I should ever have lived to hear anything like tho'.

A VALUABLE FISH.

Carl. What! is it from your daughter what vent to Cincinnati?
 (mispronounce it)

Agnes. Oh, mother! is it from Mary?

Carl. Und she has been in Cincinnati for over two years, und you don't hear anydings from her until dis times.

Agnes. Well, what does she say?

Mrs. C. What does she say, is it? What doesn't she say?

Carl. Yaw, what is it she says not.

Agnes. Oh, read it, mother!

Mrs. C. Oh, I can't! I can't!

Carl. Mrs. Crum—C—C—let me read it not for you.

Mrs. C. And do ye think I would let the loikes of ye read my daughter's letter?

Agnes. No, Dutchy! not on your trolley car.

Mrs. C. I will read it to meself aloud!

Carl. Und ve vill listen mid our ears closed—not.

Agnes. Read the letter and don't keep us in suspense

Carl. Nein, don't keep us suspended.

Mrs. C. Will ye'z kape quiet now!

Carl. I am quietless!

Agnes. Shut up!

Mrs. C. (reads letter) "My only dear mother, I am in a terrible pipe."

Carl. She fell in a sewer pipe!

Agnes. No, she was in a terrible plight—see!

Mrs. C. I thought it was a pipe. (reads) "I was married a year ago—"

Carl. You vas!

Mrs. C. No! my daughter! (reads) "To one who I thought loved me."

Agnes. She was off her trolley.

Mrs. C. Oh, my! and she never told me anything about it.

Carl. Nor me too.

Mrs. C. And she has been married a year.

Agnes. Oh, go on!

Mrs. C. (reads) "I was very happy until I found that he did not love me, and that he was a pickpocket and a robber." (aloud) Oh, werra! werra!

Carl. Den your son-in-law is a robber?

Mrs. C. Ye are a liar!

Carl. Vell, your daughter says so!

Mrs. C. If she does, I'll not allow anyone else to say so!

Agnes. No! we won't let anyone else say so—see!

Carl. Und neider vill I!

Mrs. C. (reads) "When I found this out, I asked him to reform, but he only laughed at me."

Carl. He did not believe in reform?

Agnes. Shut up!

Mrs. C. (reads) "And said that if I ever told anyone, he would kill me!" (aside) The blackguard! (reads) "And that he did not love me, but only married me to make a shop-lifter of me."

Carl. Shop-lifter! How big is your daughter?

Agnes. Oh! come off. Shop-lifter! Swipe things from stores—see! You're all right from your head up, Dutchey!

Mrs. C. (reads) Well, mother! I have left him and expect to be in New York as soon as this letter."

Agnes. Well, she knows her business, but I would not have left him until he knew I was a Crombie! (crosses R.)

Mrs. C. Oh, dear! Oh dear! (weeps)

Carl. (goes to MRS. CROMBIE) Don't cry, Mrs. C—C—if your daughter has shook her husband, you still

Enter MR. CROMBIE, R. U. E.

have your husband (*starts to put arms around MRS. CROMBIE*) und your dear Kattzenhund too—

Mr. C. (throwing CARL L.) Ye Dutch galoot, kape away from Mrs. Crombie! I have seen this goin' on fer some time and—

Agnes. Oh, father! you here?

Mr. C. I am here to protect me honor! Me wife's honor! Me family's honor against a Dutch fishmarket keeper, beer swilling, sveitzerkase eating, limberger cheese, guzzling frankfort and sour-kraut, wine bathing son-of-a—

Carl. Mr. Crum—

Mr. C. Don't ye call me Crummy!

Carl. Mr. C—C—you are misunderstood; you do not know dot you are by yourself.

Mr. C. I am and are alone by meself!

Mrs. C. No, Moike! ye'r loving wife is here to protect ye.

Agnes. Oh! come off, mother, Dutchey don't want to fight, he only means that pop is off his chump, and that—and that he was not getting next to you—see.

Carl. Yaw, dot is it, Mr. C—C—I vas only consoling your wife for the letter she shust did not get.

Mr. C. What's that?

Carl. Dot letter dot she got yet.

Mrs. C. Oh! sure I was so excited I got mixed.

Mr. C. What letter?

Agnes. Why, the letter mother got from Mary!

Mr. C. And have ye heard at last from our darling daughter? Where is she?

Carl. In Cincinnati!

(mispronounce it)

Mr. C. Where!

Agnes. Cincinnati, Ohio, was where the letter was sent from.

Mrs. C. Yes, but she said she would be here as soon as the letter, so she must be on the train.

Mr. C. Let me read it.

Mrs. C. (hands letter) Here, Moike, read it.

Mr. C. (reads letter) And Mary is married! And her husband wanted to make a shop-lifter out of her, did he? Well, I'll lift him if ever I lay me hands on him! But we'll give Mary a good home, and the Lord be praised that we can do that same. Now you go into the house and get everything ready to give Mary a real old Irish welcome.

Mrs. C. Aw! and it's glad I am that ye are not mad with the gal.

Agnes. Aw! what's the matter with you, ma? Come off!

Mr. C. Don't ye dare to speak to ye'r mother loike that. Now you stay here, I want to talk to ye.

Carl. (aside) Yaw, she needs it!

A VALUABLE FISH.

Mrs. C. I'll go in, Moike, and get the dinner ready! (*goes up R.*, picks up fish and shows it) Moike, look at the fine fish Mr. Kattzenhund gave me, sure we will have it for dinner. (*exit R. U. E.*)

Mr. C. Allow me to thank ye, Mr. Katts-and-dogs!

Carl. Mr. Crummy!

Mr. C. Don't you call me—

Carl. My name is Kattzenhund.

Mr. C. And mine is Crombie.

Carl. Your apology is accepted.

(*they shakes hands*, *CARL* goes to counter)

Agnes. Father, what do you want with me?

Mr. C. I want to know who that lalapaloosa is I saw ye wid this morning on the Bouvelard?

Agnes. Oh! that was Willie, and he is just as sweet as they make 'em. Why, he's dead stuck on me—see!

Mr. C. Well, I forbid ye to be going out bicycle riding with anything that looks like that.

Agnes. Oh! come off! His mother is worth half a million, and he is his mamma's darling boy. Oh! you needn't bother about me, pop, I know my book.

Carl. You bet your life she does!

Mr. C. I don't care if his mother is worth five millions, I'll not have ye going around with dudes. Do ye moind that now?

Agnes. No! I won't mind! I guess I am old enough to judge for myself.

Mr. C. Into the house wid ye! I am surprised that ye would dare to talk to your father in that way.

Carl. I ain't!

Agnes. Well, you'll be more than surprised when you see me and Willie married.

Mr. C. I will! will I! (*goes toward AGNES who runs to R. 3 E.*)

Agnes. Yes you will! will I!—see! (*exit R. 3 E.*)

Mr. C. Well, did ye ever hear the loikes of that?

Carl. Nein! I never did!

Mr. C. I'm not talking to ye. I was talking to meself.

Carl. Vell I vas talking to myself two times.

Enter *MARY* R. U. E., with hat and jacket on.

Mary. Father!

Mr. C. (*turns*) By me grandmother's ghost! Mary, me own darling jewel, and it's home again ye are. (*they embrace*) Sure it's right welcome ye are, and the blackguard of a husband of yours; ye must tell me all about him, and when I lay me two eyes on him, I'll sweep the sidewalks up with him, so I will.

Carl. Yaw, ve vill sweep up the gutters up wid him. (*to MARY*) How do you do Miss Mary. I am so glad to see you by myself once again already yet.

Mary. I am very well, physically, Mr. Kattzenhund, thank you, but almost distracted by the acts of my husband.

Mr. C. Mary, tell me about him at once. Who is he and what is he? What is his name?

Mary. Thomas Harlen.

Mr. C. Thomas Harlen!

Carl. Thomas Harlen!

Mr. C. What does he look like?

Mary. Oh! father, I don't know.

Carl. She don't know what her husband looks like!

Mr. C. Do ye mean to say that ye do not know what your husband looks like? Oh, Mary! Mary! What am I to think?

Mary. No! no! you do not understand me.

Carl. Nein, you don't misunderstood her yet!

Mary. I mean that one day he looks, acts and talks like a polished gentleman, and the next day he looks, acts and talks like a tough of the lowest type, then again he will appear as a minister, then a temperance lecturer.

Mr. C. Well! well!

Carl. Would you believe it?

Mary. Then again as a drunkard of the worst kind

Mr. C. For heaven sake! what is he?

Mary. A thief! a robber! a forger!

Mr. C. Oh, my! Oh, my!

Mary. A green goods man!

Carl. Und he is a hand-shaker too. Well, he is a lulu.

Mr. C. And how did you come to marry him?

Mary. Well, father, you know when I left home two years ago to accept that position as type-writer?

Mr. C. Well I do!

Carl. Yaw, we do—do!

Mary. For H. G. Hay & Co., in Cincinnati. Well, while on the ferry boat or going to the train, I lost my pocket-book.

Carl. Is dot so?

Mr. C. Yes, she said she did!

Mary. I felt almost crazy, and I did not want to come back home, as I knew that you and mother did not have much money. Just as I had made up my mind to come home, a gentleman asked me what the trouble was.

Mr. C. How did he know you had lost your pocket-book?

Carl. Yaw, how did he not know you lost your pocket-books?

Mary. He did not know I had lost it, but by the expression of my face he saw that I was troubled, he said, and he asked me what the trouble was. I told him that I had lost my pocket-book with fifty-dollars in it.

Mr. C. Ye did?

Carl. Didn't she say so?

Mary. Then he said "How fortunate! I just picked up this purse. I have not examined it as yet. If there is fifty dollars in it, it is yours."

Mr. C. Well, I never!

Carl. Naither did I!

Mary. And he took my pocket-book from his pocket! "It's mine" I said; "let us be sure," he said, and he opened it, and there was—

Mr. C. What?

Carl. Sawdust!

Mary. My fifty dollars all right! I told him I was going to Cincinnati to take a position as type-writer, and he said he was going there too, to act as floor walker for a dry goods firm.

Carl. To walk floors!

Mary. And that he would be pleased to be my companion during

the trip.

Mr. C. Oh!

Mary. And of course I said yes!

Mr. C. Ye said yes!

Carl. Yaw! she said she said yaw!

Mary. I found out after we were married, that it was he who picked my pocket in order to get acquainted with me, and that he was a professional crook.

Enter MRS. CROMBIE, R. 3 E.

Mrs. C. Moike! dinners—(*sees MARY*) Blessed be the Saints, if it isn't ye'r own darlin' self! Well! well!

Mary. Mother! (*they embrace*) Dear mother!

Mrs. C. Aw! me darling, and it's two long years since I set me eyes on ye.

Carl. Vas'nt she a daisy?

Mr. C. Don't ye dare!

Carl. I vas only compliment's your daughter.

Mary. Yes, two long, long years!

Mrs. C. Come into the house and tell me all about ye'rself. Oh, Moike! I just thought, that as to-morrow is Friday, I will save the nice cod fish for dinner, so I put it on the ice and I will clean it to-morrow mornin'.

Carl. If you vill let me, I vill be most disappointed to clean it for you.

Mr. C. See here! me woife will clean her own fish, and no thanks to ye.

Mrs. C. Oh! yes, Moike, we thank him for the fish.

Mr. C. Oh! of course, but not for the cleanin' of it.

Mrs. C. No, for I will clean it meself, and Mr. Kattzenhund can come and have dinner with us, if he will, to-morrow.

Carl. I shall be most welcome!

Mrs. C. Right ye are! I have some foine corned beef and cabbage for dinner, come in at once or it will be cold.

(*exit MRS. CROMBIE and MARY, R. 3 E.*)

Carl. I don't like me corned beef.

Mr. C. Well! allow me to tell ye thot I do, and I am goin' to get outside of all I can.

(*exit R. 3 E.*)

Carl. (*goes behind counter*) Corned beef! Och, it alvays makes me think of horses meat! Give me good sourkraut and frankfort sausages.

Enter WILLIE, L. U. E., comes down.

What it is?

Willie. Oh! I beg pardon if I am interrupting or interfering, or in any way detaining, preventing, or I might say, allowing myself to be so selfish as to think, or suppose, or imagine that for a single instant you would be benefitted by imparting to me the information that I, or I might say, that I would not encroach on your valuable time, I assure you as a gentleman. If it was not of the utmost importance to myself personally, and privately, and not by any means benefitting anyone else half so much as myself at the present moment, if you will kindly and correctly direct me to the abode of -

Carl. Oh, yaw! of course nit!

Willie. I hope that you can give me the information I seek, and that you will not think that I am rude or ungentlemanly, because I ask you, a perfect stranger, to inform me of that which I am so desirous to know, namely, the abode of Miss Agnes Crombie?

Carl. Well I should forget to recollect if I could not.

Willie. Oh! I am so glad!

Enter MR. ANDREWS, R. 1 E.

Andrews. Confound the scoundrel! I can not find a trace of him. To think that in a large city like New York, and in broad day light, a man could be sand bagged and robbed of fifty thousand dollars worth of unset diamonds, I can hardly realize it. However I will know the fellow if I ever see him again, and I will see him sometime, then I will notify the police, and not until then, I will try this way.

(starts up stage L.)

Willie. (turns, sees ANDREWS) Well, I declare! if it isn't my old friend, Mr. Andrews. (they shake hands) Well! well! who would have thought of meeting you in this part of the city. How is Mrs. Andrews and Lizzie, and the baby? Yes, how is the dear little baby? Well! quite well, of course! How could he be otherwise with such a good mother and father. Your wife is enjoying good health, I hope, of course? How could she help it with such a devoted husband. Oh! by the way, Mr. Andrews, have you the same cook? But of course you have. Mother always said that your wife was the best housekeeper in the city, and I am sure she is the very best in the world. She knows how to manage servants. You should bring your wife up and see mother. She would be delighted to see you and so would father. Poor dear father, he is not as well as he might be, and I am not feeling very well myself. But you are the very picture of health! (ANDREWS impatient) What! in a hurry too! Now don't say you are not, for I know you are, so I will not detain you. Mother always says that you are a model man of business. There! there! you needn't stay another moment, but be sure and give my regards to all the family. Good-bye!

Andrews. Good day, sir!

(starts up stage)

Carl. That feller is a coo!-coo!

Willie. Oh, goodness gracious! My! Mr. Andrews, did you ever hear of such a thing? Now who would have thought it, that I, a young man only nineteen years old—

Carl. I guess he means leap years.

Willie. Would be so foolish as to forget one of the most useful articles in this little world of ours?

Andrews. Why, what is the trouble with you?

Willie. Why, I have spontaneously, and unnecessarily, and unintentionally left my solid silver, gold lined pocket match box at home.

Andrews. Well, here is a match! Good-day, sir!

Willie. Good-day! (looks in pockets) Oh, my! How rediculous, I have also left my solid gold cigarette case at home. Have you a cigarette?

Andrews. No, but I have a cigar and you are welcome to it,

(hands WILLIE cigar)

Willie. A cigar! By jove! don't ask me or I shall faint. I could

not think of smoking a cigar!

Andrews. Good-day, sir! and take my word for it, the sooner you learn to smoke a cigar, the sooner you will obtain brains.

(exit L. U. E.)

Willie. Brains! Brains! By jove!

Carl. Yaw! und when you get not the brains, you vill throw away the cigar und shmoke a pipe.

Willie. Then I shall never try to obtain brains.

Carl. You vould never get them.

Willie. How dare you address me in that manner? I want you to understand that I am considered to be the brainest man in our set.

Carl. Vell I don't dink dot is not so, but don't you vant to buy some fish?

Willie. No, I do not! By jove! will I have to reiterate that I wish to find the abode of Miss Agnes Crombie.

Carl. Well, she (*points to R. 2 E.*) lives in that house over there, and she is a honey cooler.

Willie. She is a darling, and as sweet as honey.

Enter AGNES, R. 2 E.

Agnes. Willie!

Willie. Aggie! (*they embrace*) Oh! you do not know how delighted I am to see you once again! Just think, I have'nt seen you in one thousand, two hundred minutes—long, long minutes.

Agnes. Oh! is it as long as that, you dear little thing. It's a wonder it did not kill you.

Willie. Oh! yes, it is!

Carl. They are a couple of foolishness fools.

Agnes. I am going to take a spin on my bike. Will you come along?

Willie. Ah! how delightful. I shall be overwhelmed with joy! by jove!

Carl. Overwhelmed mid mud I guess!

Agnes. Then come along.

Willie. Bye! bye! Dutchy! I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your information.

Agnes. Oh! come on. (*exit AGNES and WILLIE, R. 1 E.*)

Carl. Vell! vell! did I ever! (*exit L. 2 E.*)

Enter TOM HARLEN, L. 1 E., on a run, goes to stand.

Tom. (*calls*) Hey! hey! Dutchy! (*sees fish gone*) Dutchy! Dutchy!

Carl. (*heard outside*) What it is?

Tom. Come here! Get a skate on yer!

Enter CARL, L. 2 E.

Carl. Vell, what it is—got skates? I got fish.

Tom. Where's the cod fish that was there when I bought the other one?

Carl. What you vant?

Tom. I want to buy that cod fish.

Carl. What, the one I offered to sell you for a dollar and fifty

cents?

Tom. Yes.
Carl. Well, you can't buy it.
Tom. Why not?
Carl. Because it is not for sale.
Tom. Not for sale? Why not?
Carl. Because I give it away!
Tom. Who did you give it to?
Carl. To Mrs. Crombie! I was going to soak her daughter mid it, when Mrs. Crombie come out of the house, und to save troubles, I give her the fish.
Tom. Oh! you did!
Carl. Yaw, I did, und they are going to have it for dinner to-day.
Tom. Did you clean it?
Carl. I did not yet!
Tom. Where does that woman live?
Carl. Over there! (points to R. 2 E.)
Tom. Thanks, Dutchy! (starts R.)
Carl. Say, hold on, I make me a mistake, they are not going to have dot fish for dinner to-day.
Tom. Why not?
Carl. Because she put it on the ice for to-morrow, Friday!
Tom. Good! I'll have that fish if I have to loose a leg! (starts to R.)
Carl. Give me two dollars und I get the fish for you.
Tom. I'll get the fish. (knocks at door of house)
Carl. Yaw, you vill nit! (exit L. 2 E.)

Enter MARY, R. 2 E.

Mary. Well, sir! what can I do for—Thomas Harlen! my husband!
Tom. Mary Crombie! my wife at last! So you thought to desert me, did you? Well, you see, I have found you.

Mary. Well, it will do you no good. Even now you are under a disguise.

Tom. Keep quiet!
Mary. I will not! I married you in good faith. I thought you a man of honor, good, noble and true!

Tom. Curse you! will you keep quiet?
Mary. But I have found you to be a thief, a swindler, an enemy to humanity in the form of a man! but lower than the vilest reptile that crawls the earth! A coward, afraid to fight the battle of life, but cunning enough to rob those who have fought and won. Merciful heaven! to think that a creature like you should be my husband!

Tom. Yes, your husband, who you swore to love, honor and obey.
Mary. Husband! No! before the justice of God and man, you are not my husband.

Tom. But the law has made me so.
Mary. Law! You talk of law. You, that have broken every law for the good of man, but that of murder. You, who won my love by deceit and treachery. Law, you know no law but that of self. You go your way, I will go mine!

Tom. (catches her hand) Curse you! Your way shall be mine, and mine yours! (throws her R.)

A VALUABLE FISH.

Enter CARL, L. 2 E., strikes TOM on shoulder.

Carl. Not if I know it!

Tom. Take that you Dutch jay! (knocks CARL down L. 1 E.)

Mary. (runs to house R., calls) Father! father!

Enter MR. CROMBIE, from house, R.

Mr. C. What is it? Who is it?

Mary. Tom! Harlen!

Tom. (throws MR. CROMBIE on top of CARL, L. 1 E.—they scramble and get up) Get out of my way! (grabs MARY and starts for R. 1 E.)

Enter AGNES, R. 1 E.

Agnes. Mary!

Mary. Agnes!

Tom. (to AGNES) Curse you! get out of my way!

Mary. (struggling) Let me go!

Agnes. What are you up to?

Tom. That's my business!

Agnes. (points pistol) Well, I'll make it mine.

Tom. (lets go of MARY) Curse you!

Enter MRS. CROMBIE, from house, R.

Mrs. C. Oh! my, what's this? (MARY runs to MRS. CROMBIE)

Agnes. (to TOM) Now you get!

Tom. I'll be even with you all!

(exit R. 1 E.)

Enter POLICEMAN, L. U. E.

Policeman. Here, what is this row about?

Agnes. Oh! you're too late! It's all over—see!

QUICK CURTAIN

ACT II.

SCENE.—C. E. with curtains, in 3rd. grooves, backed by a hall—carpet on floor—table L. with two newspapers, two chairs R. and L. of table, sofa R., screen R. of C. E., doors R. and L., window L.—MARY discovered seated R. of table, sewing.

Mary. As I feared, he has followed me. But why has he done so? He does not love me, that I am sure of. Why did he come to the house last night? How did he know that I was in New York? But there is one thing I am determined on, and that is never! never to think of him as my husband, or share his home, no matter what may happen, and I pray that I may never see his face again.

Enter MRS. CROMBIE, R. 1 E.

Mrs. C. Ah! Mary, me darlin'! (kisses her) Why are ye looking so sad? Sure, is it that blackguard of a husband ye are thinking of?

Mary. Yes, mother.

Mrs. C. Sure, don't ye be worrying about him, he is not worth it.

Mary. I know it, mother! But I cannot help it, for I fear that he may, in some way, do us all harm, for there is nothing to be feared more than a liar and a thief.

Mrs. C. Well, well! don't ye be thinking about him. He'll do ye no harm me darlin'.

Mary. I do not fear so much for myself. Oh! I don't know why, but it seems as if something terrible was going to happen. (rises)

Mrs. C. Go to your room, me darlin', and try and get a little sleep, and you will feel better.

Mary. Perhaps!

(crosses L.)

Mrs. C. And if that villain shows himself here, begorra, something terrible will happen to him! (exit MARY, L. 1 E.) Oh, my! Oh, me! Oh, my! Well, well! (arranging furniture about stage) And to think that I am the mother-in-law of a robber, a thief and a liar. Oh! that I should live to see this day. Sure, it will drive me crazy, thinking about it. Sure, look at me now. I've just told Mary not to worry about the thieving—Oh! be the powers, I forgot all about cleaning the fish, and we are to have dinner at six o'clock. (starts toward R. 1 E.—bell heard off R.) Be the powers, there's the bell. Who the devil can it be, I wonder! (starts for C. E.)

Enter WILLIE, c. E., from R.

Willie. Why, how do you do, Mrs. Crombie? I am delighted to see you. I suppose you are just up to your eyes in work, getting everything in preparation for the dinner you are about to give in honor of the return of your daughter, Mary, who has just returned from the West. Aggie told me all about it. How thoughtful of you, and you are going to celebrate her return by cooking a fish. I assure you I am delighted to be one of the invited guests, as it is to be so unique a dinner as fish on Friday. It is quite the proper thing, I am told.

Mrs. C. Oh! yes, Mr. Simpson, I am very pleased to see that ye are on time. But ye must excuse me for a moment, as I just heard the bell ring.

Willie. Oh! don't excuse yourself, Mrs. Crombie. It was I who rang the bell, and just as I did so, I discovered that the door was not locked; and as I did not wish to trouble any one to come to the door when it was open, I just walked right in. So you see, my dear Mrs. Crombie, you will not have to answer the bell, as I am here, and I am very pleased to have the pleasure of conversing with the mother of the best, the most beautiful, that is in my eyes, and amiable girl in this great city.

Mr. C. Oh! yes—I don't know, but I suppose so! Be me grandmother's rocking chair! I must clean the fish.

Willie. Clean the fish! What fish!

Mrs. C. Why, the fish for dinner, to be sure.

Willie. Oh! yes, of course. How foolish of me to forget. By the way, Mrs. Crombie, what kind of a fish is it?

Mrs. C. Sure it's a cod fish, and a fine one it is too.

Willie. Oh, indeed! How romantic!

Mrs. C. No! it's a cod fish!

Willie. Oh, yes, to be sure. I understand, but Mrs. Crombie

when did Mr. Crombie catch it?

Mrs. C. When did me husband catch it, is it? ^W

Willie. Yes, Mrs. Crombie, I am quite a fisherman myself, and I should so like to know when and where your husband caught it? I am sure it must be a lovely fish.

Mrs. C. Lovely fish is it! Sure, it's the finest cod I ever saw in me loife. And where did me husband catch it, is it?

Willie. Yes, Mrs. Crombie, when and where?

Mrs. C. Sure he didn't catch it at all!

Willie. Oh, Lordy! Lordy! I thought he did.

Mrs. C. No indade and he did not, for it's meself thot caught it.

Willie. Oh! Mrs. Crombie, how I envy you! When did you catch it?

Mrs. C. Sure, I caught it yesterday.

Willie. Did you catch it in a net or on a hook?

Mrs. C. No, be the powers, I caught it with me hand, when Mr. Kattzenhund gave it to me.

Willie. Oh! so it was given to you?

Mrs. C. To be sure it was.

Willie. By jove! how unromantic!

Mrs. C. Well, I can't stay talking to ye now. I must clean the fish and get it ready for dinner. Agnes will be in soon. (*exit* R. 2 E.)

Willie. What a lovely woman Mrs. Crombie is.

Enter MARY, R. 1 E.

Mary. How do you do, Mr. Simpson? You are Mr. Simpson, are you not?

Willie. Yes, I am Willie Simpson, and you are Aggie's sister, are you not. Mrs.—Mrs.—Mrs.—

Mary. Yes, you may call me Mary.

Willie. Thanks! delighted, I assure you!

Mary. Will you be seated? (sits L.)

Willie. (*sits R.*) Oh! thank you awfully. So you have been residing in the west for the past two years. I suppose you were very much infatuated with the west?

Mary. Quite the contrary. To me there is no place like New York after all.

Willie. Oh! yes, I suppose so! I expected to see your sister, Aggie!

Mary. She will be in shortly. She has only gone to the store, so you won't have to wait long.

Willie. Thanks, awfully, I assure you. By the way, Aggie has spoken of you so often in the past year, that I feel as if I had known you for an age.

Mary. Indeed!

Willie. And I am sure you won't mind!

Mary. Oh, no!

Willie. Oh! I don't mean that! I mean you won't mind if I tell you that I am deeply and truly in love with your sister, your dear, darling sister, Aggie? I call her Aggie, because I like it better than Agnes. It distorts the features to pronounce Agnes, and besides I like Aggie better, don't you? But of course you do! I love her desperately, devotedly, passionately, and to-day, if I can only pluck up courage enough, I shall ask her to be my dear, darling little wife.

Wouldn't you?

Mary. Well, Mr. Simpson, if you love her dearly and truly, and intend to make her a good husband, I say yes!

Willie. Thanks, awfully, I'll make her the best husband in the world. Do you think she cares for me?

Mary. Yes, I am sure she does.

Willie. Thanks, awfully.

Enter AGNES, C. E. from R., with small parcel.

Agnes. Hello! Mary. There's your cotton.

(hands parcel to MARY)

Mary. Thanks!

Agnes. Well, Willie, how are you? (WILLIE gets up) You little dear, you look killing. (they embrace)

Willie. Thanks, awfully!

Mary. Agnes!

Agnes. Well, what is it? Don't you see that I am engaged at the present moment (kisses him) on pressing business?

Willie. Oh, Aggie!

(goes up stage)

Agnes. (to MARY) Well, what is it?

Mary. (aside to AGNES) Mr. Simpson has just told me that if he could pluck up courage, he would propose to you to-day.

Agnes. (aside to MARY) He'll get the courage. I'm not going to let this chance slip. I'm after that half million, and I mean to get it, and don't you forget it.

Mary. Why Agnes, don't talk so! (to WILLIE) Excuse me, Mr. Mr. Simpson.

Willie. Oh! certainly—awfully glad!

Mary. Thank you.

(laughs, exit C. E.)

Willie. Oh, no! I mean that I am awful sorry.

Agnes. Oh, indeed! So you are sorry my sister has left us? Did you come to see me or my sister, Mr. Willie Simpson?

Willie. No! no! I mean—I mean I am sorry she didn't go before.

Agnes. Well, that's different. Come, sit here, Willie, and tell me all the news. (sits on sofa, R.)

Willie. With the greatest of pleasure! Aggie, I—I have something very important to ask you. (sits on sofa)

Agnes. (aside) I believe he's plucked up the courage. (aloud) Have you, Willie, dear?

Willie. Yes, I have.

Agnes. Well, what is it, Willie, dear? (aside) I can see that half million now.

Willie. I want to—to ask you if—if—

Agnes. Well, Willie dear, if what?

Willie. If you think you could—I don't know if I should ask you, perhaps it would not be right.

Agnes. Oh, yes, it would. I am sure it would, dear Willie!

Willie. Well, yes, perhaps it would. But I don't know how to ask you too—I mean—

Agnes. You mean! Yes, Willie, you mean—

Willie. Yes, I mean! I hardly know what I mean.

Agnes. I know what you mean.

Willie. Why, do you?

Agnes. Yes, you mean, dear Willie, that if you had the courage,

you would ask me.

Willie. I suppose that's it.

Agnes. I know it is, Willie dear, (gets up) but you wait, and I'll fix that all right. (exit L. E.)

Re-enter AGNES, L. E., with a glass of cider.

Willie. Why Aggie, how?

Agnes. By giving you some—drink this!

(hands glass)

Willie. What is it?

Agnes. Courage! Willie dear.

Willie. What?

Agnes. Cider!

Willie. Oh, my! I couldn't drink cider.

Agnes. But you must, Willie, it will do you good.

Willie. But I never drank anything stronger than soda water in my life!

Agnes. Then it's time you did. You don't know what you've missed, Willie.

Willie. (smells of glass) Oh, my! how strong it must be. Ugh, I don't want too.

Agnes. But you will drink it to please me, won't you, Willie dear?

Willie. (takes glass) I will to please you, Aggie dear

(raises glass and drinks)

Agnes. (holds glass to WILLIE's lips) Drink it all, you little darling —that's it. (takes glass, puts it on table)

Willie. Oh, Lordy! Oh! my—my—my mouth! my mouth! my throat! my throat! Oh, my! my! my! my!

(places hands on stomach, dances about stage)

Agnes. Oh! Willie dear, do stop, don't go on like that.

Willie. (sits on sofa) Water! Water!

Agnes. Keep quiet, and I'll get you some! Do you want to bring mother and Mary here?

Willie. Oh, Lordy! if you love me, give me some water!

Carl. (heard off R.) I tells you, Mr. Crombie, there is nothing like a good game of base balls. I am dead stuck on base balls.

Agnes. There's Mr. Kattzenhund, and the old man.

Willie. (smiles) Aggie, dear! dear Aggie, give me water!

Agnes. I'll get you some water.

Willie. No, Aggie, dear! (smiles) no water, but cider! cider! It's lovely now, it's lovely. (laughs)

Agnes. (looks at WILLIE) Good heaven! what's the matter?

Willie. Nothing's the matter you little dear! dear! dear cider.

Agnes. I do believe you are full!

Willie. (gets up, staggers) Cider! let me have some more cider!

Mr. C. (heard off R.) Well, I tell ye, Mr. Kattzenhund, I am gone on horse races. It's the grandest thing in the world to see a horse race.

Agnes. Come, Willie, get behind this screen, so that the old man won't see you—quick!

Willie. Cider! Give me some cider!

Agnes. Come quick, before they are here.

(puts WILLIE behind screen R. of C. E., stands with her back to it)

Enter MR. CROMBIE and CARL, C. E. from R.

Mr. C. So ye are there, Agnes, are ye?

Agnes. Yes, I'm here.

Carl. How do you do, Miss Agnes?

Agnes. No better for seeing you.

Carl. Den you must be very yell.

Mr. C. Sit down, Mr. Kattzenhund, and make yourself at home.

Carl. (sits L. of table) Thanks, and I vill shust look the paper out und see if the New York Base Balls win not a games to-day.

Mr. C. (sits R. of table) And I'll see if me choice Sir Walter won the Brooklyn Handicap to-day.

Willie. (looks over screen—aside to AGNES) Aggie! dear Aggie!

Agnes. (aside to WILLIE) Hush!

Willie. (aside to AGNES) Please give me some more cider.

Agnes. (aside to WILLIE) Keep quiet. (pushes him down)

Mr. C. Say, Kattzenhund, I've got some foine Jersey Apple-jack. Would ye like to try a glass?

Carl. Vhat it is not. Jack's apples! I never heard me dot before once.

Mr. C. No, Apple-jack! good old apple whiskey.

Carl. Vhat! apple whiskey! I don't forget to remember ever drinking dot.

Mr. C. (aside to CARL) Ye see, a friend of moine over in New Jersey sent me some. And as the old woman and the gals think thot I don't drink anything stronger than cider, I told them thot a friend of moine sent me some cider. Good joke, wasn't it?

Carl. I don't see it yet.

Mr. C. What! the point?

Carl. Nein, dot Apple-jack whiskey.

Mr. C. (laughs) Pretty good! Agnes, bring a glass of cider for Mr. Kattzenhund and one for me.

Agnes. All right, father, do you want it now?

Mr. C. Of course we want it now. (exit AGNES, L. E.)

Re-enter AGNES, L. E., with a bottle and two glasses.

Carl. Yaw, right avay pretty soon quick:

Agnes. Well, here it is.

AGNES pours out two glasses, places one by KATTZENHUND and the other by MR. CROMBIE, then goes up stage with empty bottle.

Willie. (looks over screen, aside to AGNES) Aggie, cider!

Agnes. (aside to WILLIE) It's all gone!

AGNES holds up empty bottle—WILLIE disappears behind screen, disgusted
—exit AGNES, L. E., with bottle.

Re-enter AGNES, L. E.

Mr. C. Try thot, it will make your hair curl

Carl. (who is looking at paper) All right, I vant to see about Base Ball first.

Mr. C. At your pleasure, Mr. Kattzenhund. (sips a little) Ah! that's the stuff! I'll look up the Brooklyn Handicap. (reads paper

Willie. (over screen, aside to AGNES) Aggie! dear, dear Aggie!

Agnes. (aside to WILLIE) Well, what is it?

Willie. (points to glass on table, aside to AGNES) Give me some more cider.

Agnes. (aside to WILLIE) I can't, that's all there is.

Willie. (aside to AGNES) Oh, Lordy! Lordy! I must have some more cider.

Agnes. (aside to WILLIE) Well, keep quiet, and I'll try and swipe it for you.

Willie. (aside to AGNES) Yes, do quick!

Agnes. (takes KATTZENHUND's glass and gives it to WILLIE—aside to him) Well, here!

Willie. (drinks it, aside to her) More! more! (hands glass to her)

Agnes. (aside to him) Well, wait a minute!

AGNES puts glass back where it was before, then takes MR. CROMBIE's glass and gives it to WILLIE.

Willie. (drinks it, then hands glass back to AGNES, aside to her) Oh, Lordy! that's lovely! You're a little dear.

(AGNES puts glass on table where it was before, then goes up stage)

Mr. C. Well, here's luck!

(takes up glass)

Carl. The same to you.

(takes up glass)

MR. CROMBIE and KATTZENHUND raise their glasses without looking at them, until they go to drink, then discover them empty.

Mr. C. Empty!

Carl. Noddings in!

Mr. C. Mr. Kattzenhund, I took ye for a gentleman.

Carl. Mr. Crombie, I mistook you for a gentlemans. You ask me to have a glass of Jersey Apple-jacks, und you give me a glass mid noddings in.

Mr. C. My daughter placed two glasses of Apple-jack on this table, one for ye and one for meself, and ye have drank them both.

Carl. Mr. Crombie, you are a liar.

Mr. C. (jumps up, grabs CARL) A liar, am I? Ye duck fish dealer! I'll show ye!

(MR. CROMBIE and CARL scramble and fall L., MR. CROMBIE on top)

Willie. (falls off chair toward c. e., knocking screen over) Oh, cider!

AGNES picks up screen, places it in front of WILLIE, then goes behind screen.

Mr. C. What's that?

Carl. Let me up!

Agnes. (behind screen) Get up! you fool!

Willie. (behind screen) Give me some more cider! Cider, sweet, sweet cider!

Mr. C. Cider, is it? (gets up, looks towards screen) What the devil is it?

Carl. I give it up!

(gets up)

Agnes. Get up! get up!

Willie. Don't! don't!

(exit AGNES and WILLIE, c. e.)

Carl. What it is not!

Mr. C. Be the powers! there's some one or two behind that screen.

(picks up chair R. of table and goes up stage R.)

Carl. Yaw, or three.

(*picks up chair L. of table and goes up stage L.*)

Mr. C. Well, may the Lord spare them, whoever they are; I won't!

MR. CROMBIE and CARL raise their chairs and bring them down behind screen, knocking it down.

Carl. Vell, did you ever not.

(*places chair back*)

Mr. C. Well! well!

(*places chair back*)

Carl. Say, Mr. Crombie, on the quiet, do you think that we have the jimmie jams?

Mr. C. Be mè soul! I think we have, and from this night forth, I swear never to call Apple-jack, cider again.

Carl. Und neither vill I not.

(*picks up screen, places it L.*)

Enter TOM HARLEN. C. E. disguised as a Jew.

Tom. How do you do, gentlemans? I hope I find you vell!

Mr. C. I hope ye do.

Carl. Yaw, we hope you do! do!

Tom. Have you got any old clothes you vant to sell?

Mr. C. No, we have not.

Carl. Nein, we don't sell old clothes, don't it.

Tom. Vell, perhaps your wife would like to sell some old dresses. Vill you kindly ask her.

Carl. Nein, I vill not. I couldn't do it if I tried, because I haven't got no wife to ask.

Mr. C. And I will not, so ye can go!

Mrs. C. (heard off R.) Moike! Moike! Agnes! Mary! Mary! Oh! be the powers!

Carl. What it is!

Enter MRS. CROMBIE, R. 1 E., with small chamois bag.

Mr. C. What's the matter? What has happened to ye?

Carl. Yaw, vhat it is not.

Mrs. C. Oh, Moike! look! look! (holds up bag) Diamonds! Diamonds! or I'm dead! A bag full of real diamonds!

Mr. C. A bag of diamonds? Sure, have ye gone crazy? What do you mean?

Tom. My dear lady, let me see them?

Mr. C. Indade and she'll not let ye see them! Let me see them?

Mrs. C. Here, Moike, look! look at them, they are real.

(*gives bag to MR. CROMBIE*)

Carl. Yaw, let us see the diamonds not.

Mr. C. (takes bag, opens it) Well! well! would ye look at that! Did ye ever in ye'r loife see the loikes of that? Diamonds! real diamonds!

Mrs. C. Yes, Moike, real diamonds!

Carl. Let me get a look at those real not diamonds once already yet.

Tom. Perhaps they are not real, mine dears! Let me see them und I vill tell you if they are.

Mr. C. And what the devil do ye know about diamonds? Sure ye deal in old clothes.

Tom. Oh! yes, mine dear! But sometimes I deal in diamonds, und I am a very good judge.

Carl. Did you hear that, he says he vas a Judge. Oh! you are a lulu of a liar.

Tom. A judge of diamonds, mine dears.

Enter MARY, L. 1 E.

Mrs. C. Oh! Mary, come here and look at the diamonds I found!

Mr. C. Yes, come and look at them, they are real!

Mary. Diamonds!

Carl. Nit! I bet me a dollar and thirty cents they are glass.

Tom. Let me see them good people, and I vill tell you!

Mary. (looking at diamonds) Oh! what beauties they are.

Tom. Let me see them only one minute.

Mr. C. Not a second!

Carl. Nit, not for half a second!

Mrs. C. Oh! the Lord be praised, they must be worth a great deal of money.

Mary. Yes, they must!

Mr. C. About one million dollars I think.

Carl. Yaw, about thirty cents.

Tom. Let me see them and I will tell you how much they are worth.

Mary. Oh! mother, where did you find them?

Mr. C. Yes, where did ye find them?

Carl. Where did you loose them not, Mrs. Crombie!

Mrs. C. I found them in the head of the cod fish thot Mr. Kattzenhund gave me.

Mary. Oh mother! how strange!

Mr. C. In the fish?

Carl. You find them not in the cod fish dot I gave you, Mrs. Crombie?

Mrs. C. Indade and I did!

Carl. Oh! what a jack ass I vas to give such a valuable fish away as that. I should kick myself for it, do you know that, Mrs. Crombie!

Mrs. C. Sure it would do ye no good now, Mr. Kattzenhund, I have the diamonds and the fish.

Carl. Yaw! but Mrs. Crombie, I gave you the fish, not the diamonds! The diamonds vas mine!

Mr. C. Ye gave me wife the fish, Mr. Kattzenhund, and all it contained, and the diamonds belong to meself and me wife.

Mary. No, father, someone must have lost them; that is if they are real.

Tom. Let me see them and I will tell you.

Mary. You had better take them to Mr. Andrews, and he will tell you if they are good. You know where he lives, near Washington Park. You had better go at once.

Carl. Und I vill go mid you.

Mrs. C. And I'll get ye'r hat and coat, Moike. (exit L. E.

Mr. C. I will; sure if any jeweler in the city of New York can tell, he can.

Mary. Yes! Father, don't let anyone else see them before you show them to Mr. Andrews. You can depend on him, and he will

know what is best to do with them if they are good.

Mr. C. Ye are right, he will thot.

Enter Mrs. CROMBIE, L. E., with coat and hat.

Mrs. C. Here's ye'r coat and hat! *(helps him on with them)* Now be sure and put the bag in ye'r inside pocket, Moike.

Mr. C. I'll not! I will put them in me outside pocket and keep me hand on them, so they can't get away, do ye moind!

Carl. Say, Crombie, take your wife's advise, und put them in your inside pocket out.

Mary. Yes, do father!

(L. of C. E.)

Mr. C. I'll not! Mr. Kattzenhund, don't ye suppose I know how to take care of diamonds?

Carl. (aside) Oh! I would like to swipe them. I would frighten the daylights out of him.

Mrs. C. Well, be very careful then, Moike. They may be good ye know.

Tom. Let me see them and I'll—

Mr. C. I'll not let ye touch them! Out of me way, ye second-hand clothes dealer. How dare ye talk to a Crombie with diamonds all over him? *(throws Tom down L. 1 E.)* Come on, Mr. Kattzenhund, if ye are going with the King of Diamonds.

Carl. All right, Mr. King of Diamonds, don't know yet! I am coming, but I think you had better take your wife's advice.

Mr. C. I'll be back soon.

(exit C. E.)

Mrs. C. Alright, Moike, I'll have the dinner ready against ye get back.

Carl. By, by! We vill get back when we get back. *(exit C. E.)*

Mrs. C. By the holy powers! I must look after the fish, or it will be all burnt up. *(funny exit R. 1 E.—MARY L. of C. E.)*

Tom. (starts for C. E.) Well, young lady, I'll bid you a very good day.

Mary. I know you in spite of your disguise, Tom Harlen.

Tom. Well, get out of my way.

Mary. (in C. E.) No! I will not, for I see it all now; those diamonds are genuine, and you know it!

Tom. Well, what of it?

Mary. You would follow my father and rob him.

Tom. Hush! Curse you keep quiet and let me out!

Mary. No! I will not let you go!

Tom. Stand aside before I use violence!

Mary. Use it if you dare!

Tom. Get away from that door and let me out!

Mary. No, before I will let you follow those honest people, you shall take my life.

Tom. (draws knife) Then your life it shall be, curse you!

Mary. Strike! Kill your wife, you cur!

Tom. No! no! I can not! *(recoils R., drops knife)*

Mary. You are not only a thief, but you are a coward!

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—Park, night scene, wood wings, sky borders, two park benches.

Enter ANDREWS L. U. E. at rise of curtain.

Andrews. Twenty-four hours have passed and as yet, I have seen no sign of the scoundrel who robb'd me. (*sits R.*) I have visited most of the pawnbrokers in the lower part of the city, but not one trace of the jewels can I find. If I could see the scoundrel, I am sure I would recognize him, no matter how disguised. Well, I can do no more to-night. (*takes out watch*) Why, it is almost 7 o'clock. I did not think it was so late. (*gets up*) I will go to a restaurant and dine. I think it will be best to keep the loss of the diamonds to myself, for another day may bring me better luck in finding the thief. Yes, I may have better luck to-morrow. (*exit R. 1 E.*)

Enter MR. CROMBIE and CARL, L. U. E., both smoking cigars.

Carl. Vell, that is pretty good; you are one great liar.

Mr. C. What's that?

Carl. You don't misunderstood me; you are a great story teller. That vas a very funny joke, excuse me while I laugh. (*laughs*)

Mr. C. I have another one that is better than that. I will tell ye, Mr. Kattzenhund.

Carl. (*laughing*) Don't! don't! Vait! vait until I digest dis one. Oh! that vas so very funny. (*laughs*)

Mr. C. Say, Kattzenhund, ye ain't such a bad fellow for a Dutchman. Do ye know that now.

Carl. Yaw, so dey tells me! (*aside*) I vish he vould take his hand out of his pocket once. (*aloud*) Are you sure you don't know the number of Washington Square where Mr. Andrews, your boss lives?

Mr. C. Indade and I do! But I'll have ye to understand, Mr. Kattzenhund, that I have no boss. Mr. Andrews is merely the gentleman that pays me for working for him.

Carl. Say, vhy don't you take your wife's advice and put the diamonds in your inside pocket out.

Mr. C. Don't bother me!

Carl. Vell, I don't say me no more. What is the number of the house that you said?

Mr. C. Begorra! I forgot it, but I have it here in me book.

MR. CROMBIE takes right hand out of pocket and takes small book out of vest pocket—face R. 2 E., looking in book.

Enter TOM, L. U. E.

Carl. (*takes bag of diamonds out of MR. CROMBIE's outside pocket*) Are you sure that you have it not?

Mr. C. (*referring to book*) Yes, here it is. Come on. (*exit R. 1 E.*)

Carl. Yaw, und I have got the diamonds.

(*puts them in left hand outside pocket*) —*TOM crosses R.*

Enter MARY, L. U. E.

Oh! what a joke I have got on Crombie. He vill do vhat his vife

tells him next time yet. (TOM takes diamonds out of GARY's pocket and puts them in right hand outside overcoat pocket) Oh! dis is so good! (exit R. 1 E.)

MARY crosses to R., takes diamonds from TOM's pocket and puts them in pocket of dress, which has a hole in it and diamonds drop to stage—crosses to L.

Tom. (laughs) At last! (turns L., sees MARY) Curse you! What are you doing here? (catches her and swings her R.)

Mary. Nothing—let me go!

Tom. So you have followed me?

Mary. Yes, to prevent you from robbing my father!

Tom. Indeed! Well, his trusted friend, the Dutchman, did the job before I got the chance. So you see, I am not the only thief in the world.

Mary. Let me go!

Tom. Don't be in a hurry.

Mary. Let me go, or I will call the police.

Tom. (lets go of her) Well go! and go to the devil for all I care.

Mary. Thank heaven! (exit R. 2 E.)

Tom. Yes, she can go! and be hanged for all I care. I thought I could make something of her, but she's too good. Well, I've got the diamonds and that's all I want. I must get away from here in double quick time. (puts hand in pocket in which the diamonds were) Gone! gone! (goes through all pockets) Gone! Damnation, she has taken them! I'll have them back if I have to kill her to get them.

(exit R. 2 E.)

Enter WILLIE, L. U. E.

Willie. Oh Lordy! Oh Lordy! I'm a sight. I—I feel—I don't know how I feel. Oh! if I ever get over this, I'll never drink cider again. (sees bag of diamonds, kicks it) I wonder what that is? (picks it up, looks in it) Diamonds! diamonds! (sits on bench R.) What a find! I wonder if I've got 'em. Oh my! perhaps some one stole them and in running away, lost them. If the police see me with them, they might arrest me as the thief.

Enter AGNES, L. U. E., sees WILLIE.

What—what shall I do with them? I'll put them in my pocket.

(puts diamonds in pocket)

Agnes. (slaps WILLIE on back) So I've caught you at last.

Willie. (drops on knees) Oh Lordy! It wasn't me! It isn't me!

Agnes. Oh, come off! Don't you suppose I know you when I see you?

Willie. Aggie! dear, dear Aggie! (gets up)

Agnes. Ain't you ashamed of yourself to run away from me?

Willie. Yes, indeed I am! Aggie dear, but I didn't run away.

Agnes. Yes, you did, you know you did!

Willie. No I didn't, Aggie dear! because I couldn't run. It was all I could do to walk.

Agnes. What a dear little boy it is to tell the truth.

Willie. And because I didn't want to run away; and because I wanted to say something to you—I mean I wanted to ask you if—if—

Agnes. (impatient) Yes, yes, go on!

Willie. If—if—

Agnes. I would be your wife?

Willie. Yes, yes, that's it!

Agnes. I knew it, you little dear!

Willie. Will you?

Agnes. Will I? You can bet your sweet life I will, Willie!

(grabs WILLIE and hugs him)

Willie. Aggie, you are going to be my darling great big strong wife, and I am—

Agnes. Aggie's little boy. (hugs him—aside) I can see that half million now. (aloud) Willie dear, don't you think you had better be going home, your mother will wonder where you are so late?

(sits down)

Willie. Late! Is it late?

(sits down)

Agnes. Why yes, it is after seven o'clock.

Willie. Aggie, I have something else to tell you. I found something and it may be worth a great deal of money—that is if they are real.

Agnes. Why Willie, what are you talking about? If what is real?

Willie. Well, I'll tell you. Just as I entered the park, I picked up a chamois bag filled with diamonds.

Agnes. You did?

Willie. Yes, and here they are. (shows bag) But I am afraid if anyone sees them in my hands, they will think that I stole them. No doubt some thief dropped them.

Agnes. Dropped them? (looks at diamonds)

Willie. That is what I think. Of course, someone that owned them might have lost them, but I don't think so.

Agnes. Well, Willie dear, there may be a reward offered for them. We can look in the papers. You keep them in your pocket and don't say anything to anybody. I'll go with you as far as your house, and to-morrow you and I will take them to Mr. Andrews, where dad works, and he will tell us if they are good.

Willie. Oh! I'm sure they are good, ain't you?

Agnes. I think so, but we want to be dead sure, see? (gets up)

Willie. Oh! yes, I see. (gets up)

Agnes. Well, come along! It will be after eight before I get home.

Willie. All right, Aggie, (puts arm around her) dear. See, I'll put the bag in my inside vest pocket—(puts bag in pocket) there.

Agnes. Yes, Willie dear, they will be safe there. (they go up c.)

Enter POLICEMAN, L. 1 E., stops, looks after WILLIE and AGNES.

Willie. I think they will.

Agnes. I know they will, Willie (kisses him) dear. (kisses him) Willie! Willie!

Willie. Oh Lordy! Lordy! (exit WILLIE and AGNES, R. C. E.)

Policeman. Well, they are happy anyway. It's the old, old story. I've been afflicted the same way myself many a time. May good luck go with you both, as it has with me and my good wife. God bless her. Well, there are not many out to-night, for it looks very much as if we would have rain. I hope it won't rain before twelve o'clock. (goes up c.)

Enter MRS. CROMBIE, L. U. E., runs into POLICEMAN.

Mrs. C. Oh, there ye are! Did ye see the blackguard? Did ye see the scoundrel! the thief! the robber! the—the—did ye see him? Which way did he go?

Policeman. Which way did he go? Who?

Mrs. C. Who is it! Who is it! Why, that dirty thieving, lying, sneaking husband of me daughter, disguised as a Jew. Oh! that I should be standing on me two legs and live to see this day—I mean night! Did ye see him?

Policeman. My good woman, calm yourself and tell me plainly what you mean and who you are looking for.

Mrs. C. Be calm is it, and you dare to ask me to be calm, and me daughter's husband a thief, and the worst of it is he wanted to murder me daughter and steal her. Yes, steal me own daughter that I raised meself and brought up as a fine lady. To think that she should be stolen away by a thief!

Policeman. Will you calm yourself?

Mrs. C. No, be the powers, I will not! Where's me daughter? Will ye tell me where me daughter is? (yells)

Policeman. If you don't tell me plainly what you mean and stop making such a noise, I'll take you to the station house and let you tell the Sergeant.

Mrs. C. Arrest me, is it! Arrest me, Mrs. Elizabeth Agnes Mary Crombie, born in Dublin, Ireland, came to this country on the good ship Londonderry, landed at Castle Garden, in the year 1850, in the city of New York, and lived here ever since, to be threatened by a policeman with arrest, for asking a civil question? Phew! ye'll take me to the police station and let me tell me story to the Sergeant, will ye? Sure, ye'r a foine guardian of the peace, ye are, to be telling a poor devoted wife and mother, that ye will arrest her, and perhaps send her to the Island if she don't—don't—(sits on bench L. and weeps)

Policeman. My good woman—

Mrs. C. Oh! where is me daughter? Where is me daughter?

Policeman. (goes to MRS. CROMBIE and takes her by the arm) Come, get up. I guess I'd better take you to the station.

Enter AGNES, R. C. E., goes between them.

Agnes. And I guess you'll not! Why mother, what is the matter? What are you doing here?

Policeman. Oh! she's your mother, is she?

(goes L.)

Agnes. Yes, she is! (c.)

Mrs. C. (gets up) Thank heaven, you are here, Agnes! Sure, I am almost wild, so I am! Where is Mary? Have you seen her?

Agnes. No! What's the matter?

Mrs. C. Sure, what's the matter, is it. Why, that blackguard of a husband of her's came to the house, disguised as a Jew, and tried to steal her. I was in the kitchen and I heard a noise in the front room; when I ran in, I saw a coat and black whiskers lying on the floor and Mary running out of the door with that thieving husband of her's at her heels. I put me shawl and bonnet on and started after them, and when I asked the policeman here to tell me where me daughter went, he said he would arrest me.

Policeman. I think, young lady, you had better take your mother

home.

Mrs. C. Take me home, is it.

Agnes. Yes, mother, come home.

Mrs. C. I'll not go a step till I know where me daughter Mary is. Why, thot husband of her's may have killed her by this toime.

Policeman. Which way did he go?

Mrs. C. Sure if I knew, do ye think I'd be asking the likes of ye to tell me? No, indade! I don't know. Oh! worra, worra.

Agnes. Come along, mother, and we'll look for Mary ourselves. Come along and never mind the copper, they never know anything.

Mrs. C. Right ye are, me darling, and he wanted to run me in for speaking to him, do ye mind.

Agnes. Come along, móther! *(trys to get her to go)*

Mrs. C. But do ye moind thot he wanted to arrest me, me a decent Irish woman. Sure, I'll give him something he'll remember me by, so I will.

Agnes. Come! come! mother, don't be a jay. The copper has the best of the game. Come on!

Mrs. C. The best of the game, has he?

Agnes. Come along, will you!

(exit AGNES and MRS. CROMBIE, L. 2 E.)

Policeman. Well, I suppose that woman knows what she is talking about. I don't. I guess I'll follow them.

(exit L. 2 E.)

Enter MR. CROMBIE and CARL, R. 1 E.

Mr. C. Well, I never saw such a mon in me loife.

Carl. You didn't! Vhy not?

Mr. C. I don't know why not, but allow me to tell ye, Mr. Kattzenhund, I am very pleased that I never in the whole course of me loife saw such a fool of a mon.

Carl. You are?

Mr. C. I am.

Carl. Vhat?

Mr. C. What! See here, Mr. Kattzenhund, are ye trying to string me?

Carl. String! String you, Mr. Crombie! Vhat you means?

Mr. C. I mean, are ye trying to fool me?

Carl. Fool you! Nein, Mr. Crombie. Vhy should I make foolishness mid you?

Mr. C. Well, what are ye talking about?

Carl. Yaw, that's it, vhat are ye talking about, is it?

Mr. C. What am I talking about?

Carl. Yaw, you say you never saw such a man! Vhat mans?

Mr. C. What man!

Carl. Yaw, vhat, vhat mans?

Mr. C. Why, the lunatic that opened the door for me at Mr. Andrews house,

Carl. He vas a lunatic! How do yon know dot?

Mr. C. How do I know? Sure, didn't I tell him that I wanted to see Mr. Andrews on very important business, and he said thot I could not see Mr. Andrews.

Carl. He did!

Mr. C. He did thot same. And I asked him why not.

Carl. You did?

Mr. C. I did! See here, Kattzenhund, if you interrupt me again, I'll break ye'r face.

Carl. What for?

Mr. C. Oh! what—see here, I asked the lopsided galoot if Mr. Andrews was in.

Carl. Nein, you didn't, you said you asked him if he vas in.

Mr. C. Who was in?

Carl. Vhy the man that you asked if he vas in.

Mr. C. No! no! you are off ye'r base.

Carl. I am not playing ball, Mr. Crombie, und if I vas, I would be on my base if I vas on it.

Mr. C. It was this way. I told the man that came to the door, that I wanted to see Mr. Andrews, and the man that came to the door said I could not see him then, and I asked him why, and he said he was out. Do you see now?

Carl. Vell, how could you see him when he vas not there yet?

Mr. C. Don't I know that meself.

Carl. Vell, what you about it talk?

Mr. C. I'm not talking about it. Sure, it's ye'r thick head that can't comprehend.

Carl. Vell, what did he say?

Mr. C. Who?

Carl. Vhy, the man what said—

Mr. C. See here, Kattzenhund, I'll—(puts hand in right hand pocket) Holy Mother of Moses, I'm robbed! I'm robbed!

(business of going through pockets)

Carl. (aside) This is as good as one circus.

Mr. C. I've lost them! I've been robbed!

Carl. What is the matter, Crombie, have you got some fits?

Mr. C. A fit is it! I have a dozen of them! I've lost the bag of diamonds!

Carl. (aside) Yaw, this is great! (aloud) You don't mean to tell me that you loose the diamonds?

Mr. C. I do! I did! They are gone! I've been robbed!

Carl. Vhere did you have them?

Mr. C. In my outside coat pocket.

Carl. Vhat! you did not put them in your inside pocket, when your wife told you? Vell, you see that your wife knew more how to take care of diamonds than you did, don't it?

Mr. C. Oh! what will I do? What will I do?

Carl. Vhy go und find them. (laughs) Oh! this is good as never vas.

Mr. C. Where will I foind them?

Carl. (laughs) Oh! your wife vill give you the devil. (laughs)

Mr. C. What the devil are ye laughing at, ye Dutch fool!

Carl. Oh, oh! I vill bust my insides out! Oh! it is a great joke!

Mr. C. A joke! And do ye think it so funny for me to loose fifty million dollars worth of diamonds? (CARL laughs) Stop ye'r laughing, or I'll make ye think ye're in the next world, and it won't be Heaven—do ye moind!

Carl. Say, Crombie, you're a pretty good fellow; what is.

Mr. C. Oh! I am, am I?

Carl. Yaw, you are! I just played a little joke on you, because

you would not put the diamonds in your inside pocket, as your wife told you to.

Mr. C. And you have them?

Carl. Yaw, I just took them out of your pocket for—for—

Mr. C. The Lord be praised! Sure, it almost scared the life out of me, so it did!

Carl. Well, here—(*puts hand in pocket*) Mine Himmel! it is gone! some-one has robbed me to.

Mr. C. Do ye mean to tell me—

Carl. Jimminy Crickets! I am robbed! I took the diamonds out of your pocket, and some one has robbed me!

Mr. C. Ye are a liar!

Carl. What—

Mr. C. Yes! a Dutch limburger liar!

Carl. Don't you get my german up, Mr. Crombie, for if you do, I vill kick the daylights out of you.

Mr. C. Kick the what? What out of me, will you? Come on, you thief, I'll have you in jail for stealing diamonds.

Carl. Vell, you would never had those diamonds to be got stole but for me. Do you hear that, but for me?

Mr. C. Give me the diamonds, or I'll break every bone in your fish selling body! Give them back to me!

Carl. Oh, come off!

Mr. C. It's not come off I will, but come on!

(*MR. CROMBIE and CARL fight*)

Enter POLICEMAN, l. 2 e., grabs MR. CROMBIE and CARL by their collars.

Policeman. You had better come along with me! So, it's fighting you are, is it?

Carl. My dear good kind Mr. Policeman, you are mistook. Ve vas not fighting, ve vas just trying to see if Mr. Crombie could throw me, or if I could throw him.

Policeman. Well, the Sargent will give you a chance to explain. Come along.

Mr. C. Let go of me! Do ye know who ye have by the collar?

Policeman. No, and I don't care.

Mr. C. Oh! ye don't care, don't ye? Well, let go of me, or I'll soak ye one!

Carl. Say, don't you know that you have no right to pull me by the collar, and that you can't arrest me!

Policeman. Well, if you two don't come with me quietly, I'll use my club on your heads, and you'll go to the hospital instead of the station house.

Mr. C. Oh, is that so!

Carl. Do you mean it?

Policeman. Oh! enough of this, come along!

Mary. (*heard off R.*) Help! help!

Mr. C. Do ye hear that, a womans voice—a woman calling for help? Let me go to her rescue.

Carl. A womans voices calling for help! Let me go to her rescue not.

Policeman. Shut up!

Mary. (*heard off R.*) Help! Help!

Enter MARY, R. 2 E., runs into POLICEMANS arms, who lets go of MR. CROMBIE and CARL, they cross L.

Help! Oh! Mr. Policeman, save me, save me!
Mr. C. My daughter!

Enter TOM, R. 2 E.

Tom. Officer, arrest that woman.

Carl. Arrest your daughter!

Tom. I will accompany you to the station house and make a charge against her!

Policeman. What has she done?

Tom. She is a thief!

Mr. C. Ye are a liar!

Carl. Yaw, you are a liars.

Policeman. Young woman, you will have to go to the station house with me.

Enter MR. ANDREWS, R. U. E.

Mary. No! no!

Policeman. (to Tom) Will you make a charge, sir?

Tom. (aside) Curse it! I may put my head in the halter.

Policeman. (to Tom) Will you make a charge against this woman?

Tom. No! I will not!

Andrews. But I will against you.

Tom. (aside) The guy I robbed!

Andrews. Officer, arrest that man! I charge him with highway robbery and assault. I will appear against him.

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—Same as Act 2nd.—AGNES discovered at rise of curtain.

Agnes. So I am to be Mrs. Willie Simpson, and worth half a million. Won't I cut a dash when I go driving down the parkway with Willie by my side! Oh yes! I'll drive, of course I'll drive.

Mrs. C. (heard off R., call) Agnes! Agnes! where are you?

Agnes. Here I am!

Enter MRS. CROMBIE, R. 1 E.

Mrs. C. Well, well! and here ye are! and I've been looking all over the house for ye.

Agnes. Well, what do you want, mother?

Mrs. C. Oh, I don't know! Oh Agnes! last night was almost too much for ye'r poor old mother, but the Lord be praised, thot ye'r sister's hnsband is in jail, and I hope they'll keep him there.

Agnes. What is he in jail for?

Mrs. C. What is he in jail for, is it? Sure, didn't he rob Mr. Andrews and try to kill him!

Agnes. When?

Mrs. C. Why, the day before yesterday, and in broad day light, too.

Agnes. What did he rob him of?

Mrs. C. I don't know. Mr. Andrews won't tell anyone at present. He is as mysterious—as mysterious as—

Agnes. What? Who?

Mrs. C. As ye'r father and Mr. Kattzenhund.

Agnes. What are they mysterious about?

Mrs. C. Well, I'll tell ye—no I won't—that is, not just yet.

Agnes. Why not?

Mrs. C. Oh, never moind why not! I am so bothered thot I don't know what I am talking about.

Agnes. I guess you don't! But if Mary's husband robbed Mr. Andrews, I don't see why she should be afraid to tell of what he was robbed. Say, mother, Mr. Andrews couldn't have Mary's husband arrested without telling the police what he was robbed of. Who told you Mr. Andrews refused to tell of what he had been robbed?

Mrs. C. Sure, it was ye'r father and Mr. Kattzenhund.

Agnes. Say, mother, I've got something to tell you. Now don't get off your trolley.

Mrs. C. Get off me what?

Agnes. I mean, don't make a time and kick up a racket—see?

Mrs. C. No, I don't see!

Agnes. Well, I'm going to marry Mr. Willie Simpson.

Mrs. C. The devil ye are!

Agnes. You can just bet I am!

Mrs. C. Well, ye'll see when your father comes home, what he says about it.

Agnes. Oh, I don't care what he says about it! he don't count!

Mrs. C. He don't count! don't he? Well, my fine gal, perhaps he don't, but I think he does, for he said he wouldn't have ye running around with dudes.

Agnes. Willie is no dude! He is just as nice as can be, and I'm going to marry him, and he is coming here to-day to see you and father.

Mrs. C. Well, if he has any regard for his delicate constitution, he'll not see ye'r father, for if he does, I am afraid he will receive an introduction to the toe of his boot.

Agnes. I guess not.

Mrs. C. Well, never moind thot now. Come into the kitchen, I have something I want ye to do for me.

Agnes. All right, mother. (*puts arm around Mrs. CROMBIE's waist*) But say, you'll put a good word in for me with father, won't you?

Mrs. C. Sure and what good would that do, ye know he'd say no.

Agnes. But he wouldn't if you said yes. You know he wouldn't. Say that you'll say yes.

Mrs. C. All right. I'll say yes, ye coaxing devil ye!

(*exeunt R. 1 E.*)

Enter MR. CROMBIE and CARL, c. E., both looking very serious—both sit.

Carl. Say, Crombie!

Mr. C. What is it?

Carl. Do you think he vill get life?

Mr. C. Who?

Carl. Your daughter's husband.

Mr. C. What for?

Carl. Why, for hitting Mr. Andrews on the head mid a club, und stealing a bag of diamonds.

Mr. C. Diamonds! diamonds! Oh! what will I do! What will I do!

Carl. Say, what's the matter mit yonself anyvay.

Mr. C. What's the matter, is it? Sure, when me wife hears thot I lost the diamonds, because I didn't put them in me inside pocket, she'll go crazy. Oh, what will I do!

Carl. Say, what's the matter mit you? Do you want to go crazy mit yourself?

Mr. C. Oh, don't jest with me, Kattzenhund. But why! why did ye take the diamonds out of me pocket?

Carl. Vell, if you had put them in your inside pockets, I would not have been tempted to play a joke on you!

Mr. C. Ye are right, Kattzenhund, it was all me fault, for not taking me wife's advice. And I'll do it if ever I get the diamonds again!

Carl. Say, Crombie! I've got 'em!

(*gets up*)

Mr. C. What! (*jumps up*) The diamonds?

Carl. Nein! an idea!

(*sits again*)

Mr. C. Well, keep it! Nothing but diamonds will satisfy me now.

(*sinks back into chair*)

Carl. Vaite! vaite! just vaite!

Mr. C. Well, ain't I waiting?

Carl. Vell, you know the day I gave your wife the fish?

Mr. C. Do I remember it? Do ye think I am dead? Sure, there's been nothing but trouble in the house since. Bad luck to ye and the fish.

Carl. Do you know that vas the day that Mr. Andrews was sand bagged and robbed of the diamonds.

Mr. C. Indade I do! and that the same day thot me daughter's husband wanted to carry her off.

Carl. Yaw, und that same day he, your daughter's husband, bought a cod fish from me for two dollars, und after I had given your wife a cod fish, he came back und wanted to buy that one, for he asked me who had the fish.

Mr. C. Well!

Carl. Vell, I think after he stole the diamonds he put them in the fish and ran avay, und when he come back, he bought the wrong fish, see?

Mr. C. Be the powers ye are right, Kattzenhund, and the diamonds me wife found, were the very same thot Tom Harlen stole from Mr. Andrews. But where the devil are they now?

Carl. I give it up!

Mr. C. I'll never give up the search for them. Some one must have them.

Carl. Say, don't you forget, that Tom Harlen said that yone daughter stole the diamonds from him just before Mr. Andrews had him arrested!

Mr. C. That's it! He's the one that took them from ye!

Carl. Und your daughter is the one that took them from him,

und they were the very same ones, und she says that she lost them.

Mr. C. And if she said she did, she did! Oh! I wish I had never set eyes on them at all! at all!

Carl. Me too! by jimney crickets. *(bell heard off c.*

Mrs. C. (heard off R.) Agnes, go and see who's at the door.

Agnes. (heard off R.) All right, mother!

Enter AGNES, R 1 E.

Hello! dad. Hello! Mr. Kattzenhund.

Carl. Hello! How do you do, Miss Agnes?

Agnes. Oh! I'm all right. *(exit c. E.*

Carl. Say, Crombie! that daughter of yours, Agnes, is a very smart girl.

Mr. C. Yes, I think she is a little too smart.

Enter AGNES, C. E.

Agnes. Say, dad! here's a copper that wants to see you

Mr. C. (jumps up) A what?

Agnes. A policeman—see?

Carl. Holy jimney crickets, we are pinched!

(jumps up, gets under table

Agnes. If you ain't, you ought to be. *(exit R. 1 E.*

Enter POLICEMAN, C. E.

Policeman. How do you do, Mr. Crombie?

Mr. C. How do ye do, sir! Pretty well, I thank ye, sir! *(R.*

Carl. (under table) Don't say that I took them!

Mr. C. I'll have ye hung if ye don't shut up!

Policeman. What's the matter with your friend, Mr. Crombie?

Mr. C. He's got—

Carl. No I haven't! *(comes out from under table)* Upon my life I haven't! *(scared*

Policeman. Haven't what?

Mr. C. Haven't got anything but a fit!

Carl. Nein, und I haven't got that if it belongs to anyone else!

Policeman. Well, Mr. Kattzenhund, I am not looking for fits or you, but the Captain has just been informed by telephone from headquarters, that Tom Harlen escaped from the court room about an hour ago.

Mr. C. What! me daughter's husband?

Carl. What! Tom Harlen got avay? Vell, he is a jimmy dandy.

Policeman. Yes, the officers had just brought him into the court room, when he slipped off the handcuffs and was out of sight before they knew it. I tell you he is a slick one.

Carl. You bet your life he vas!

Policeman. And the officers are now searching the city for him. The Captain sent me to see if he had shown up here, and if not, to let you know that he had escaped.

Mr. C. Well, what do ye think of that? Sure, he hasn't been here as yet, and if he comes, he'll get a warmer welcome than he wants, begorri!

Carl. You bet your boots und socks he vill!

Policeman. Well, good-day, Mr. Crombie! I've delivered my mes-

sage and must be off to be on the lookout for him. Should he come this way—

Mr. C. Well, me brave guardian of the public, lead on and me and me friend, Mr. Kattzenhund, will follow and protect ye in the course of justice.

Carl. Yaw, ve appointed ourselves detectives for the times being.

Policeman. Well, as you know him and I don't, come along.

Mr. C. Kattzenhund, you're brave!

Carl. Take it, Crombie; the good left arm of Kattzenhund, the fish man, ve vill find him. (holds out arm)

Mr. C. And when we do—

Carl. } We will kill him mid our fists.

Mr. C. } (exit CARL and MR. CROMBIE, c. e.)
Policeman. If you do, I'll pull you both in. (exit c. e.)

Enter AGNES, r. 1 e.

Agnes. Well, I wonder what that copper wanted here, and I'd like to know where the old man and Kattzenhund are going with him? (looking off c. e.)

Enter MARY, l. 1 e.

(*AGNES turns*) Oh! Mary, I've got something to tell you! Why what's the matter? You look as if you had given the order for your funeral.

Mary. (*sits l.*) I wish I had, Agnes, for it seems that there is nothing in store for me in this world but misery.

Agnes. Oh! don't talk like that. You don't feel well, I think?

Mary. That isn't it! I am well enough! Oh, I wish to heaven that I had been struck dead before I ever married!

Agnes. Say, don't talk like that, you make the creeping creeps run up and down my back. Say, everybody don't feel like you do when they get married, do they?

Mary. I should hope not!

Agnes. Well Mary, Willie has consented to be my husband at last. No, I mean that I have consented to be his wife, and he's coming here to-day to see mamma and dad, and I'm going to be worth half a million. Say, I'll be one of the Four Hundred, won't I?

Mary. I don't know. I suppose so. I hope you will be happy at any rate.

Agnes. Happy with Willie! Well you can bet I will!

Mary. Don't be so sure! You haven't married him yet!

Agnes. Well, I am going too.

Mary. But you do not seem to realize the disgrace that has befallen us.

Agnes. Disgrace? Why, what are you driving at?

Mary. Why, the disgrace of my husband, Tom Harlen, being arrested for robbery and assault.

Agnes. Oh, yes! ma said that he robbed Mr. Andrews, but Mr. Andrews wouldn't say what he stole. What was it?

Mary. It was a little chamois bag full of diamonds.

Agnes. Holy Moses! (*almost drops*) A what?

Mary. A little chamois bag of diamonds. You remember the fish Mr. Kattzenhund gave to mother?

A VALUABLE FISH.

Agnes. Yes, what's that got to do with the diamonds?

Mary. A great deal! Tom Harlen stole the diamonds and put them in the mouth of a cod fish on Mr. Kattzenhund's stand, thinking that if he could give the police, who were then after him, the slip, he would buy the fish. He did manage to elude them, but he bought the wrong fish. Mother found the bag of diamonds in the one Mr. Kattzenhund gave her.

Agnes. Well, that's the first I have heard of that—go on!

Mary. Father took the bag and started to go to Mr. Andrew's house to find out if they were real diamonds.

Agnes. Yes! yes!

Mary. Mr. Kattzenhund went with him! Tom Harlen was here disguised as a Jew—

Agnes. Yes, mother told me that.

Mary. He followed father and Mr. Kattzenhund, and in Washington Park, Mr. Kattzenhund took the bag from father's pocket for a joke, and Tom Harlen took it from Mr. Kattzenhund.

Agnes. Well, go on!

Mary. And I took it from Tom Harlen.

Agnes. Good for you!

Mary. But instead of putting them in my pocket as I thought, I lost them.

Agnes. In Washington Park?

Mary. Yes, and my husband, Tom Harlen, swears that I have them, and I am afraid that Mr. Andrews thinks he speaks the truth.

Agnes. Well, I know you haven't got them, and I can prove it.

Mary. You? How?

Agnes. Never mind how, but you just wait here until I come back, and you'll find that the future Mrs. Willie Simpson is right up to date—you bet! *(exit c. e.)*

Mary. What can Agnes mean? Wait here until she comes back. What can she know about the diamonds?

Enter Mrs. CROMBIE, R. 1 E.

Mrs. C. Agnes! Oh! it's you, Mary. I thought Agnes was here.

Mary. So she was, but she has just gone out.

Mrs. C. Gone out is it, and where has she gone?

Mary. I don't know. She told me to wait here until she returned but she did not say where she was going. I told her about—

Carl. *(heard off R.)* There he goes! that's him! that's him!

Policeman. *(heard off R.)* Which way? Who? Where?

Carl. *(heard off R.)* There, don't you see him, on top of that fence?

Mr. C. *(heard off R.)* Begorra! I do. Come on!

Policeman. Stop, or I'll fire!

Tom. *(heard off R.)* Fire and be damned to you!

Policeman. *(report of pistol heard off R.)* Then take that!

Mr. C. *(heard off R.)* Never touched him!

Mrs. C. *(at c. e.)* The Lord preserve us! What's that?

Mary. *(at c. e.)* It sounds as if they were shooting at some one.

Policeman. *(heard off R.—bell rings)* Open the door! Open the door, or I'll break it open!

Mrs. C. Sure, who can it be? What do they want?

Mr. C. *(heard off R.)* Ye needn't mind breaking it open, I have

a key.

Mary. Merciful heaven! what can it all mean?

Enter MR. CROMBIE, POLICEMAN and CARL, c. E.

Mr. C. Did you see him?

Policeman. Have you got him?

Carl. Where is he? Let me get at him!

Mrs. C. Sure, what's the matter with the lot of ye's? Are ye's all crazy?

Mary. Who are you looking for?

Policeman. Tom Harlen.

Mary. Has he escaped?

Carl. You bet your sweet life he has, and he is a lulu. Ve saw him just a minute ago. Ve could have s'ore he came in here.

Mrs. C. Came in here? Oh, the Lord help us! we'll all be killed.

Mary. How did he come to escape?

Policeman. We have no time to answer questions now. He is in this house and we must find him. I'll search in here! (*points l. 1 E.—to MR. CROMBIE*) You search that room, (*points r. 1 E.*) and you, (*to CARL*) guard the front door.

Carl. I vill mid my life out!

Policeman. We'll have him if he is in the house. (*exit l. 1 E.*

Mr. C. And the Lord help him when I lay me two hands on him! (*exit r. 1 E.*

Mrs. C. I'll go with ye. Moike! Sure I can handle a poker with any of them. (*exit r. 1 E.*

Mary. And I will stay here and give the alarm if he tries to escape by the window.

Carl. No, Miss Mary, you had better come mit me und guard the front door. He is sure to go out mid the door.

Mary. Very well, if you think best. (*exit c. E.*

Carl. Und if I catch him, I vill kick the head off of him for putting diamonds in my fish. (*exit E. c.*

Enter POLICEMAN, l. 1 E.

Policeman. Well, he is not in that part of the house, that's certain.

Enter MR. CROMBIE, r. 1 E.

Mr. C. And I'll swear he is not in the kitchen or dining room.

Enter MRS. CROMBIE, r. 1 E., with large poker.

Mrs. C. And I'll swear he is not in the cellar.

Enter CARL, c. E.

Carl. I've got him! I've got him!

Mrs. C. Ye've got him?

Mr. C. Ye've got him?

Policeman. Got him? Where is he?

Carl. I mean I saw him come out of the house next door, und run around the corner.

Policeman. (*pushes CARL aside*) Out of my way, you fool! Come

A VALUABLE FISH.

on!

(exit c. e.

Curt. Fools! Who's a fools? You are a fools!

Mr. C. Hold on, Mr. Policeman, I'll be with ye! Sure they can't beat the irish.

(exit c. e.

Mrs. C. Right ye are, Moike! Right ye are! (exit c. e.

Curt. They can't beat the irish, ain't it? Vell, you can bet you life out they don't the dutch beat. (exit c. e. r

Enter TOM, through window, L.

Tom. Curse them, I have given them the slip at last. (draws curtain across window) If I could see Mary and get the diamonds from her, I would manage to give these fools the slip and be out of this city in no time. I suppose I'll have to kill her to get them. Curse her, how she did lie! Swore she didn't have them, and I know that she has them safe enough. Oh! if I only knew where—(listens) What's that? (goes to c. e.) Some one coming' It's Mary! good! good! (hides L. of c. e.

Enter MARY, c. e.

Mary. I wonder if they will catch him? I almost hope they will not. (comes down L.

Tom. (in front of c. e.) How do you do, Mrs. Harlen?

Mary. (turns) You here?

Tom. Not so loud. They might hear you, and it won't be well for you if they do.

Cury. Although I despise you and hoped I would never see you again, I would not raise my voice to have you taken back to jail. Why you have been fool enough to come here, I can not imagine. If you remain, you will be caught, so go while you have the chance. (goes toward window) Go by this window.

Tom. Keep away from that window, on your life! keep away!

Mary. Do not think that I am afraid of you, Tom Harlen.

Tom. Keep away, I tell you! (throws her around R.) You call me a fool! Well perhaps I am, but I am not fool enough to leave here without those diamonds you took from my pocket last night.

Mary. I haven't got them, and you know it!

Tom. I know that you have got them, and I mean that you shall return them to me, so give them up.

Mary. You know I told the Judge and Mr. Andrews that I lost them. You know I swore it.

Tom. Yes, I know all that, and you did it like an old hand at the business.

Mary. How dare you talk to me so! I will call for help now, for all the pity I had for you is dead. (TOM springs at MARY and throws her around L.) Let me go, you brute!

Tom. Not until you give me those diamonds! Where are they, you she devil?

Enter MR. ANDREWS, c. e.

Tom Give them to me and you shall never see me again.

Andrews. Thomas Harlen! (levels pistol) Let go of that woman!

Tom. The devil! (throws MARY L., then crosses R.

Enter MRS. CROMBIE, C. E.

Mrs. C. Oh! the devil is here! Mary! Why, what is the matter?
(*goes to MARY*)

Enter CARL, C. E.

Carl. Come on! Come on, ve have him!

Enter MR. CROMBIE, C. E.

Mr. C. Well he'll soon get out of here.

Enter POLICEMAN, C. E.

Policeman. (to TOM) Oh, there you are my beauty! (*goes to him*)
A nice chase you gave us. (*puts handcuffs on TOM*)

Andrews. Policeman, I think you had better arrest that young lady also.

Mrs. C. Arrest me daughter? What for?

Andrews. I accuse her of being an accomplice of Tom Harlen, her husband.

Enter AGNES, C. E.

Agnes. And I say she is not.

Andrews. Well, young lady, who are you?

Agnes. Miss Agnes Crombie! but soon to be Mrs. Willie Simpson; and I say that my sister Mary hasn't got the diamonds.

Enter WILLIE, R. C. E.

Willie. No, Mr. Andrews, but I have, and here they are. (*shows bag of diamonds*) Just in time. I found them in Washington Park last night.

Agnes. Willie dear, come to my arms. (*they embrace*)

Mrs. C. The saints be praised!

Andrews. Mrs. Harlen, I feel that I am in duty bound to ask your pardon for my hasty accusation; and believe me, I shall only be too pleased to do all in my power to atone for it. (to MR. CROMBIE) And you may be sure, Mr. Crombie, I shall not forget to reward you all for your honesty.

Agnes. Give my share to Mary, Willie and I have money to burn.

Carl. Don't burn it, give it to me.

Tom. Curse you all. (*breaks away from POLICEMAN and runs out c. e.*—*POLICEMAN goes to c. e. quickly and fires revolver—TOM heard on outside*) I'm done for!

Policeman. I have stopped him.

Agnes. Well, he won't want to buy another "Valuable Fish"—see?

, *QUICK CURTAIN.*

THE END.

JUL 10 '1

40

A VALUABLE FISH.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Kattzenhund's fish stand—Carl—The diamond robbery—Tom Harlan hides the diamonds in a fish—Mr. Andrews searching for his property—"Dot man is a lunatic"—Agnes and Carl—Mrs. Crombie interferes—"Let him know that you can lick any dutchman in the world"—The letter—"I'll read it to meself aloud"—Kattzenhund consoles Mrs. Crombie—Mr. Crombie—"I'll not have ye going around with dudes"—Mary arrives—"She don't know what her husband looks like"—Willie looking for information—Andrews continues his search for the diamonds—The very tender meeting of Agnes and Willie—"I haven't seen you in a thousand, two hundred long, long minutes"—Harlan looking for a fish—"My husband"—The escape—As usual the policeman arrives too late.

ACT II.—Home of Mr. Crombie—"Don't be worrying about him, he is not worth it"—Mrs. Crombie makes preparation for dinner—"Be Me Grandmother's Rocking Chair, I must clean the fish"—Agnes endeavors to make Willie propose with the help of a little hard cider—"Water! water!"—Mr. Crombie entertains Kattzenhund—Willie shows effects of cider—Mrs. Crombie finds the lost diamonds—"Yaw, worth about thirty cents"—Mary—"I know you in spite of your disguise, Tom Harlan, and you are not only a thief, but a coward."

ACT III.—Park—Crombie and Kattzenhund—The diamonds change hands rapidly—"I didn't run away from you, I couldn't run"—Willie finally proposes to Agnes and is accepted—"I see that half million now"—Mrs. Crombie looking for trouble—"Sure, I'll give him something to remember, so I will"—"Mine Himmel! some one has robbed me too"—Crombie and Kattzenhund have troubles of their own—The arrest of Tom Harlan.

ACT IV.—Park—Mrs. Crombie tells her troubles—Agnes hears startling news—The mystery—"I am going to marry Willie, and he is no dude"—Kattzenhund has an idea—Straightening out the tangle—"By Jimney Crickets, we are pinched"—On the track of Tom Harlan—"We will kill him mid our fists"—Agnes announces her engagement to Willie—Mrs. Crombie joins in the hunt for Harlan—Mary and Tom—Captured—"Arrest me daughter? What for?—Willie restores the diamonds—Death of Tom Harlan—"He won't buy another valuable fish—See?"



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51 Rescued	5	3
59 Saved	2	3
102 Turn of the Tide	7	4
63 Three Glasses a Day	3	3
62 Ten Nights in a Bar Room	7	3
58 Wrecked	9	3

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87 Bitter Bit, The

394 Bird Family

257 Caught in the Act

248 Captured

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368 Case of Jealousy

131 Cigarette, The

388 Farmer Lark's Boarders

339 Girl from the Mew

207 Heroic Dieteman of '76

189 Home

421 In a Spider's Web

483 Joshua Bovett, The

423 Johannes Batt's Misadvent

174 Love's Labour Not Lost

337 Lector Assurance

311 Miss Botteray's Blunder

111 Miss Tops, Tracy

118 Muddled Blunders, The

140 New Years, 'N Y

37 Not So Bad After All

338 Our Boys

129 Out of Dodge

410 Out of Sight, Out of Mind

261 Pardon, Please

111 Parson

264 Poor Ladies' Improvement

93 A Quiet Life in the School

219 Ragged School

239 School-Wife, Sharp's and

F. E.

491 School-Wife, McLean

375 School-Wife, The

221 School-Wife, The

362 School-Wife, The

207 School-Wife, The

106 School-House, The

246 School-Teacher

320 School-Wife

331 School-Wife, The

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306 Actor's Wife, The Maid

320 Actor's Wife, The Maid

383 Actor's Wife, The

20 Actor's Wife, The

52 Actor's Wife, The Maid

75 Actress, The

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